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EAT MORE APPLES.

Apples are the great American fruit. The berries and the other fruits, pears, peaches, plums and the like, are good to eat in their seasons, but apples are the only fruit which lasts the year round.

To-morrow the political season closes with the election returns. Ti lemon will be restored to its proper place as an ingredient of pies and an aid to acidulated beverages. The apple season should then begin. Just as an apple poultice is soothing to bruises and external injuries, so the cating of apples will bring balm after a period of political irritation.



Everybody should eat more apples. Their use as food is far too limited in the great cities, especially among the population of foregn ancestry, who in their former homes knew of apples only as an expensive luxury.

This year the apple crop is good. The crop estimate carefully prepared by the American Agriculturist is 36,120,000 bushels, half again larger than last year's crop, but not so large as the crops of 1902-03-04.

The apple crop in New York State is particularly good. It will produce 4,900,000 barrels, or more than half a barrel for every inhabitant. In proportion to their population Missouri, Arkansas and Kentucky are the great apple-producing States, but in the number of barrels New York exceeds any of them. The wholesale prices are also moderate. Such standard varieties as

Greening, Baldwin and Spy, which will keep through the winter, are selling for \$2 to \$2.50 a barrel. Every housekeeper should lay in at least one barrel of these apples, and every member of the family should visit the barrel at least once a day.

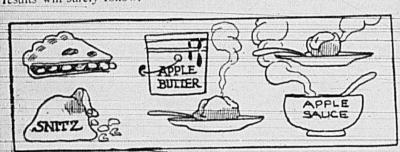
Apples are a wholesome food. They contain vegetable juices, iron, phosphate, salts, vegetable fibre and natural sugar. They are a much better staple food than potatoes or cabbage. They digest easily, whether raw or cooked. Their liberal use diminishes the necessity for eating meat. They save doctors' bills.

At present wholesale prices apples cost only 11/4 cents a pound. They are thus one of the cheapest of foods, and so far as they are substituted for other food their use is necessarily economical.

But in buying apples do not go by appearances. One of the best looking of all apples is the big, red Ben Davis, which comes from Arkan- N the course of time Liverpool must supersede London, points out a Mansas and the Ozarks. This apple is good to look upon, but its taste is the chester paper. Everything is against the latter and its supremacy has only been retained by artificiality. If England had been discovered at the same woody and lacking in the delicate flavor of the Pippins, or the Baldwins, time as America Liverpool would inevitably have become the capital. Commercially, according to the same authority, it is slowly but surely ousting or the delicious sheep's-nose. .

That is a defect with the California apples. They look better than they taste. The apples brought from far-off States have been raised more for their keeping qualities than their taste. Near-by apples are better. There are 300 varieties of them,

Along Greenwich, Washington, Warren, Barclay, Murray and the other streets of the wholesale produce district the sidewalks are now lined with barrels of apples. Everybody who needs a solace for the election should go Wednesday and buy a barrel. Everybody who desires to celebrate the election should go and buy a barrel, too. Satisfactory results will surely follow.



Apples are good to eat raw or baked, or as apple sauce or apple butter, or in custard or dumplings or apple ple. They may be kept permanently in the form of snitz, which is the homely term for the oldstyle way of evaporating apples. In whatever form, they are good. Their juice, whether as soft cider, hard cider, or even distilled into applejack, is a joyful beverage.

Politics is changeable. Apples are a stand-by the year round.

Letters from the People.

believe any girl dresses to suit the ideas admired than a modest, refined woman of any man, but I do believe that they Albany, N. Y. A MOTHER dress to please themselves, and still more often to spite their lady friends. Ing any other woman dressed even a cession?

A. AND B. sive tastes go with a taste for expengive tastes go with a taste for expensive dresses, and the extravagant taste

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"F. M." asks solution for "If it takes

What Tradef

To the Editor of The Evening World; young man, twenty-one years of age, rat in 1-2 day. Therefore, for every and mechanically inclined. I would rat it takes 1 cat and 1 day. like to know what kind of a trade to learn where there is a good future, and

Cruckty to Animals.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In many suburban towns there are lots of young men whe hire horses and carriages just for the fun of driving in the Editor of The Evening World in the Editor of the Editor of the Market and the letters of the man riage last Saturday night to attend a plains that passengers have no time

Boonton, N. J. LEWIS REACHAEL

some girl to take their father's or had similar experience.

Secret of Pretty Dressest | brother's John? Women would better learn to be good housekeepers and foi-To the Editor of The Evening World: learn to be good housekeepers and followed with interest a letter saying low other occupations more becoming "Women dress to please men." I don't to their sex. There is nothing more

Can Serve as Often as Elected. more often to spite their lady friends.

It that is not so, then why is it won that is not so, then why is it won that is not so, then why is it won that men have such a fearful dread of section of the United States more than twice in such as the such as the

in dresses, and the extravagant tusin dresses is on the increase. But husliands salaries are not on the increase
which is one good reason why men
don't marry.

OBSERVER.

OBSERVER.

"F. M." asks solution for in it that a cat and a half to kill a rat and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take to kill 100 rats." I say it
will it take a hundred days to kill a hundred dred rats and will require a hundred cats. One and a half cats will kill 11-Here is a point I-would like experi- rats in 11-2 days. One cat will kill enced readers to advise me on. I am a rat in I day. One-half cat will kill 1-

where I could follow my natural bent. Chicago Fire Oct. S-11, 1871. H. E. S. To the Editor of The Examing World:

mals. What was the date of the great Chicago fire? GEORGE H. S.

the horses almost to death. In fact, who could get no one to act as witness I know two young men in a town near when the B. R. T. refused him a transhere who hired a nice horse and car- fer and the letter of the man who exdance and drove the poor animal so waste in court as witnesses. If the lat-fast that he has not been able to get ter man himself was placed in the same out of the stable since. I think the position, by asking for a transfer, then S. P. C. A. agents are badly needed in being refused, and, after asking for witsuch towns to punish young men and nesses, being snubbed, would be then reply as he has, by saying "some one oonton, N. J. LEWIS REACHAEL.

Girls Doing Men's Work.

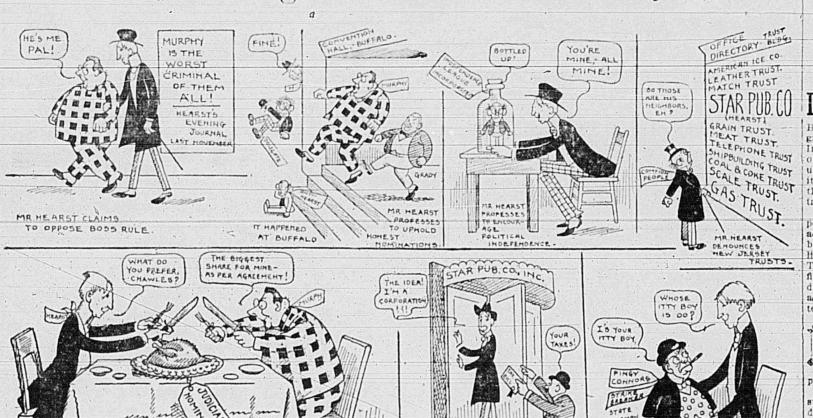
the Editor of The Evening World:

Would have given the victim 5 cents?"

It was not a case of 5 cents, but a case of people's rights. If the man re-To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read of a wiri wanting to run a locomotive or go as fireman. Is it any wonder that men compiain of women when the latter are pushing themselves be very valuable. A transfer case weuld in men's jobs? Would these girls like only last half a day at the most. I have

Concerning Mr. Hearst's Sincerity



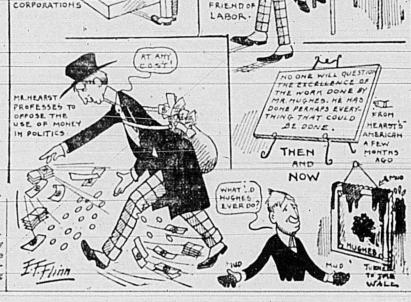
EHOUNCES

AN INDEPENDENT JUDICIARY. MR HEARST DENOUNCES THE VERY IDEA OF CHINESE LABOR ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

MR. HEARST PROFESSES TO FAVOR

London May Become Back Number.

chester paper. Everything is against the latter and its supremacy has only



ROFESSES

TO BE AM

THE JARR FAMILY 公 ☆ By Roy L. McCardell



thows them very well-in fact, when she crossed the all, they were wives and mothers."

nothing in them but those tiresome old poll- their daughters became the brides of ducal coronets!

I looked through the papers, because I'm watching for a sale of pats, and I want to get a set of furs for little Emma-all the little girls she goes wood grabbed a piece of the Duchess's bridal vell, and a lady with her got half o. Sunday-school with have, sets of furs, and I think they make them so cute her bouquet, and a policeman wanted to club them because they had scissors and or children-and I never saw a word about it."

"About what?" asked Mr. Jarr. "About the Mariboroughs or bargain sales.
"I suppose you think you're sarcastic!" sneered Mrs. Jarr. "I'm talking you" snapped Mrs. Jarr.
"By mariboroughs, of course. And worse, than that Mrs. Kittingly says about the Mariboroughs, of course from Count Castellane, and that he used to girl for her money and then abuses her because she can't give him all the girl for her money and then abuses her because she can't give him all the girl for her money and then abuses her because she can't give him all the

"I know you could," replied his wife with feeling. "You could tell me a lot

of things! But the few times you are in the house-you never think it worth while to speak to me! that with me. But all you do is to grumble at your meals, or read on the sofa

till you fall asleep-and if that's the way the Duke or the Count acted it's no onder their wives ask for a sparation!" "Matrimony with them was a matter o' money," said Mr. Jarr, essaying this respectable old joke. "That's what made their differences."

"That's what makes differences with everybody," said Mrs. Jarr. "I may not be a countess or a duchess, but I can feel for them if their husbands came home from their offices and grumbled about how extravagant their wives were, and swore like pirates if the countess or the duchess asked them to let them

"I never thought of it in that light. Certainly you must have had inside information," said Mr. Jarr, with a sarcastic infection that was wholly lost on

"Yes." continued Mrs. Jarr, "and both the Duchess and the Countess had chil-Mrs. JARR was on the point of bursting with suppressed information when Mr. Jarr came home.

"What do you think, my dear," she said excitedly, "the Duke and the Duchess of Mariborough have separated! Mrs. Kittingly, who has been abroad, and separated! Mrs. Kittingly who has been abroad who had been abroad who had a separated who had a separated who had a separated who had a separated w

ocean she had a stateroom right near the staterooms they had occupied when they crossed the ocean right after and their titled husbands were as poor as rats!" said Mr. Jarr. "What did they ing married! She says, but I can hardly believe it - expect when they sold themselves for titles and toadied and cringed to these

ing married! She says, but I can hardly believe it brokendown noblemen."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Jarr impatiently, the paper brokendown noblemen."

"Well, I don't care what you say," replied Mrs. Jarr, "It was all very rown to the Vanderbilts and the Goulds when replied Mrs. Jarr, hotly. "The par mantic, and I know it was a proud day for the Vanderbilts and the Goulds when

> "I remember, now, how excited everybody was, and how Mrs. Hopwood wen to the wedding with a lot of ladies that belonged to her ethical culture club, and they got dreadful colds and the clothes nearly torn snipped off a piece of the Duke's coattaits as a souvenir!"

"Well, I will admit." said Mrs. Jarr, musingly, "that Americans make the best busbands. They marry for love, like we did, and that is why they get along together without a word. like we do. 'Ah, you're right there, old lady!", said Mr. Jarr.

Pointed Paragraphs.

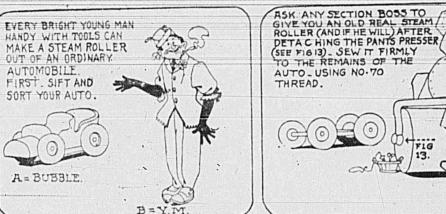
OST people like to tell their imaginary troubles.

You can't get even with a physician by returning his calls. Be wise if you can. If you can't, keep your face closed,

In prosperity the proud man knows nobody; in adversity nobody knows him. It doesn't hurt any less to be bowled over by a street car than by an auto

Pride is the most expensive thing a man can have-with the possible ex ception of a wife. It's a pleasure to make wishes-and that is about all the satisfaction the

Hints from the House Horrible; or, How to Ry Jean Mohr.



ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT

STEAM ROLLERING IS THE

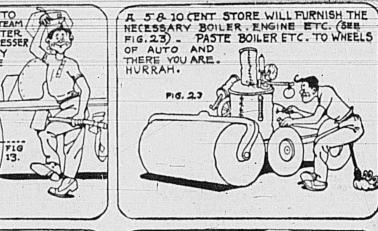
USEFUL FOR SMOOTHING

OUT HARD WOOD FLOORS -

AND REMOVES THE CREASES FROM

DOILY NICELY

RAGE THE MACHINE IS





The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

Albert Payson Terhune

No. 49-The Balkan Puzzle and the Russo-Turkish War.

F you will look over a map of Europe you will see three great peninsulas jutting into the seas that wash the south shores of the Continent. The southernmost and furthest east of the three is known as the Balkan Peninsula. It comprises Turkey in Europe, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Eastern Roumella, Roumania and other lesser divisions. Incidentally that same Peninsula has for a thousand years been the hotbed of revolt, intrigue, violence, sedition and nearly every other menace to universal peace. The shadow of the Sultan's scimitar has ever darkened it, and the man is yet to be born who understands in all its ramifications the complicated social and political snarl in which the whole area is en-

No other district of the same size contains so many races, nor so many cople who are so widely different in religion, politics, customs and char-This jumble of nationalities dwell side by side, you never blending. Turk, Greek, Bulgar, Albanian and a half score of other peoples live shoulder to shoulder, yet each sharply divided from all the others. The Turk is the bully of the Peninsula. The other races spent centuries fighting and intriguing against each other, but have merged their various difficulties in a common hatred against Turkey. The Turks, strongest of adl Mahomet's followers, became masters of the Peninsula in the thirteenth century, being at that time the foremost military power of the world.

The Batak Massacre.

Most of the Balkan States are Christian. For this reason, as well as because of the frequent plots and revolts against the Sultan's Government, Turkey has from time to time punished her rebellious subsets by wholesale slaughter and outrags. The Armenian and Macedonian massacres have at one

period and another aroused the horror of all civilized countries. In May, 1879, Bulgaria and Herzegovina (then Turkish provinces) started one of the periodical insurrections. The peasants of the Batak listrict of Bulgaria were preparing to rise when suddenly a large Turkish force under Achmet Agha appeared, surrounded the town of Batak and commanded the natives to yield, promising that not one of thom should e harmed. With a credulity unusual in people having experience with the "Unspeakable Turk," the patriots obeyed. Then the massacre began, The prisoners-men, women and children alike-were slaughtered like sheep. Some took refuge in a church. It was burned over their heads. Achmet Agha received a decoration from the Sultan for this great killing.

At news of the outrage the six great European powers sent a formal protest to the Sultan. He had, earlier, promised reforms, but had disregarded his piedges. Now he gave the envoys no satisfaction whatever. This was the chance for which Russia had waited. Twenty years earlier Turkey (backed by England, France and Sardinia) had beaten Russia in he Crimea. The wound still rankled. Russia, moreover, had for a long time yearned to absorb her eastern rival or to annex as much of the lat-ter's territory as possible. The other nations, however, had no idea of illowing the "balance of power" to be thus shifted, and Russia had been able to find no occasion to promote her schemes. Now, under pretext of wenging the injuries inflicted on Balkan Christians, the Czar declared war 1877) against Turkey.

A Russiar army crossed the Danube June 27. On July 13 Gen. Gourko nade the difficult passage of the Balkan Mountains and advanced on Adrianople; but was driven back. In December he recrossed the Bulkan range, vanquishing a Turkish army of 32,000 at Shipka Pass (Jan. 9, 1878). Csman Pasha, the Sultan's best general, meantime had held his own against the invaders and had at length occupied the city of Plevna. Here he endured for twenty weeks a memorable siege against superior pum-bers, but was in the end forced to surrender. With the fall of Plevna the Purkish cause weakened. Philippopolis and Adrianopolis were taken, and the triumphant Russian armies marched unchecked on to Constantinople.

Here, however, with the fruits of victory within

The Slege of

their very grasp, the conquerors were halted by the Powers. The old menace of "destroying the balance of power" seemed about to be fulfilled, and the Russlans were forbidden to enter the Turkish capital. By the peace treaty of San Stefano, however

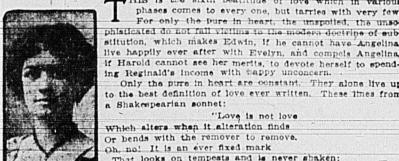
Roumanian Bessarabia and part of Armenia were ceded to Russia. Bulgaria was made a principality with home rule; Roumania, Servia and Montenegro were declared free countries, and Bosnia and Herzegovina came under Austro-Hungarian sway. So ended the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878. Turkey, far from profiting by her lesson, continued to appress her Christian provinces. In 1895 massacres of Christians in Armenia, and even in Constantinople, horrified civilization. Christians in Crete revolted by way of showing their disapproval, and asked Greece to annex their island. A Greek military force was sent to Crete. Turkey at once declared war, thrashed Greece in one brief campaign and wrung from the beaten country a heavy war indemnity.

The Balkan Peninsula still teems with plot, counterplot, intrigue, mis-rule and discontent. The Balkan problem, perhaps, will never be solved.

Love's Beatitudes.

By Nixola Greelev-Smith.

6. Blessed are the pure in heart, for love stays with them longest of all.



HIS is the sixth beatitude of love which in various phases comes to every one, but tarries with very few. For only the pure in heart, the unspoiled, the unso phisticated do not fall victims to the modern dectripe of substitution, which makes Edwin, if he cannot have Angelina, live happily ever after with Evelyn, and compels Angelina, f Harold cannot see her merits, to devote herself to spending Reginald's income with happy unconcern.

Only the pure in heart are constant. They alone live up

a Shakespearian sonnet: "Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds Or bends with the remover to remove, Oh, no! It is an ever fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken; It is the star to every wandering bark Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken."

To the average person of today love of this sort is a thing to be written of by novelists and sung by poets, but to be lived only by fools. They have learned

the philosophy of selfishness, whose first principle is that to love too much is to be uncomfortable, and, therefore, to be avoided Whenever I find that a woman is beginning to care for me too much, or that I am in danger of caring too much for her, I flap my wings and fly away," said a fatuous apostle of this cuit to me the other day.

And from the point of view of comfort and safety his method has everything recommend it. Nevertheless, the person capable of following it is absolutely incapable of love. For love is absolutely without calculation, and in its exalted and lasting meaning only the pure in heart understand it. In love as in every-thing else we find what we look for. The pure heart is without suspicion, and, therefore, is seldom furnished a reason for it. The trustful woman is not half so likely to be distifusioned in love as the more sophisticated and suspicious

woman who meets trouble more than half way.

Cupid being of the masculine persuasion, stays only where he is made com fortable. And his favorite abiding place is the trusting heart. Therefore are the pure in heart most blessed, for love stays with them longest of all,

The Counts.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

Y ES, the Count of Monte Cristo was a great count—in a book,
But he really wasn't in it with the count that Berger took
And the Count of Castle Annie kept accountants in the air, But he really wasn't in it with the count that Berger took. While he counted Annie's money, doling her a little share, And our friend Count Abruzzi thought at poling he was some Till accounts of Yankee Peary put the Count right on the glum

Count Gyulio de Festetics seems to eddy and to abb In the clinging, snaring meshes of publicity's wide web.

And our other friend, Count Bismarck, had to get right off the job When they published Father's sayings that with William raised much hob. While by crossing the Atlantic to the Gotham side we find That the merry, rippling Re-Count still is fresh in public mind.

We've had counts which beat re-counters, also counts who beat their wives We've had counts who 'midst the ice-fields risked their comfort and their lives. We've had counts behind the counters, selling ribbons for the cash, We've had counts who sold bananas, polished shoes and handled hash. All these counts will, have to side-step, for the only count of note That now figures in the papers. What? The count of Tuesday's Vote.

Where Cows Wear Earrings.

Breaders are obliged to keep a record of all cattle raised by them, and each animal has a registered trade number, which is engraved on the ring fastened I to its ear.